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# Middlebury Register.

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MIDDLEBURY, VT., TUESDAY, MARCH 3, 1868

NO. 49

Co. Clerk

## POETRY.

### Two Deep for Words.

With white and quivering lips she stands,  
And grasps her silken hair;  
In eager haste, with earnest hands,  
The image of despair.

Her bright eyes are dim with dread,  
While tears are hidden start;

I seemed to feel each drop like lead

Fall heavy on my heart.

"O sweet maid!" I cried, "so young, so fair,  
Who mean those troublous looks of care—

That dim and wistful eyes."

World should be a world of mirth;

The sorrows and the ills of earth

Might surely pass thee by?

"Has man been fickle, false, and cold—  
Thy love given in vain;

Have you but lived to learn the old,  
Old story o'er again?

If so, cheer up, the world is wide,

Thy virgin heart is young;

You'll live to bind a blooming bride—

To wear a lying garb."

"Hush, hush!" she cried, with bursting

tears,

"My woe is sterner far!

He will mayors the grief that sears

Who never felt a scar;

Or that this tender frame would melt,

Or be turned to stone;

My heart, my heart will burst in twain

The modeling thou art will turn my brain

My overthroned elation gone."

### MISCELLANY.

#### Widow Brown's Oil Well.

A TALE OF PETROLEUM.

Mr. Anastasia Brown, better known as

the Widow Brown, owned and cultivated

a small farm of ten acres in a little Pennsylvanian town.

The humble homestead corresponded in size to the farm, being a

one-story cottage, comprising but three rooms.

The land was not very productive, but Mrs. Brown had only herself to provide for, and though her income would hardly warrant her in living luxuriously, on the other hand there was no danger of the almshouse.

On the whole the widow might be considered comfortably provided for, though her farm and house together

would have been dear at a thousand dollars.

But Mrs. Anastasia was not contented.

She was an ambitious woman, and bent

on bettering herself if the opportunity ever presented.

To a lady under her circumstances

a second marriage with an eligible party seemed to be the readiest

road to higher station. But the widow

was quite confident of the result,

the oil having been so recently

poured in. Still she felt a momentary

alarm lest it had become so diffused that

the portion of water drawn up would

show some traces of admixture. But

when the bucket came again to the top, the water was restored.

On the surface of the water was a coating of oil. That was clear enough.

The squire looked at it eagerly. His

recent experiments qualified him to judge

in the master. He was silent a moment.

"Well, Squire Pogram, what do you think?"

"I do believe you're right, widder," said the squire.

"I'm inclined to the opinion that it's genuine petroleum."

"You don't say so, squire! Well, I'm in luck for once in a way!"

"I ain't certain. Suppose you give me a dipper and I'll taste on it."

The dipper was brought, and Squire

Pogram did taste. The taste produced

some contortions at the face, for petroleum

is a powerful stimulant.

"Well, widder, it's oil!" he said.

"How about the well, widder?" he asked.

"Does it taste as strong as ever?"

"Widder, widder, squire! Here's some water I just drew up."

The squire did not need to taste it.

He could see for himself that the proportion of oil was greater than in the morning.

"Well, widder," he said, "you've decided to take the four thousand dollars I offered you? You see that it will save you all trouble, and you can live comfortably the rest of your days?"

"I want you to take this note to Mr. Warner for me. And, Tommy—"

"Yes, Miss Dorcas."

"Be sure and don't let my father see it. Remember that, Tommy."

Tommy promised, and started on his mission—but meeting Father Brown in the keeping room, he acted so sheepish that the farmer suspected something wrong, and cross-examined him severely. After the old man had hidden away, and at last uttered a purring self-satisfaction as he drew a little bullet out from the table drawer.

"I don't exactly member puttin' it there, but I spose I must have done so."

"Now, Roy, I shall have it quicker."

And Tommy sped away under the sheltering shadow of the elm tree that fringed the lawn.

"For me, Tommy."

"For you, Mr. Royal. Miss Dorcas can say, take it to Mr. Warner for me. And don't let your father see it on no account! So I ain't let him see it."

He watched Tommy edging along quickly by the road side before he opened the folded bullet.

It was utterly and entirely a blank,

but scarcely blander than Royal Warner's face, as he turned the sheet this way and that.